

# The Standard's VALCARTIER CAMP SOUVENIR



COLONEL THE HON. SAM HUGHES, Minister of Militia

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# OUR · NATIONAL · SONGS

## The Maple Leaf For Ever

In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe the dauntless hero came,  
And planted firm Britannia's flag on Canada's fair domain.  
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, and, joined in love together,  
The thistle, shamrock, rose entwine The Maple Leaf for ever!

### CHORUS

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,  
The Maple Leaf for ever!  
God save the King, and Heaven bless  
The Maple Leaf for ever!

At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane, our brave fathers side by side,  
For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear, firmly stood and nobly died;  
And those dear rights which they maintained, we swear to yield them never!  
Our watchword ever more shall be, The Maple Leaf for ever!

Our fair Dominion now extends from Cape Race to Nootka Sound;  
May peace for ever be our lot, and plenteous store abound:  
And may those ties of love be ours which discord cannot sever,  
And flourish green o'er freedom's home, the Maple Leaf for ever!

## O Canada!

O Canada! terre de nos aïeux  
Ton front est ceint de fleurons glorieux,  
Car ton bras sait porter l'épée,  
Il sait porter la croix;  
Ton histoire est une épopée  
Des plus brillants exploits;  
Et ta valeur de foi trempée,  
Protègera nos foyers et nos droits.

Sous l'œil de Dieu, pres du fleuve géant,  
Le Canadien grandit en esperant.  
Il est né d'une race fière;  
Beni fut son berceau,  
Le ciel a marqué sa carrière  
Dans ce monde nouveau.  
Toujours guide par sa lumière,  
Il gardera l'honneur de son drapeau.

Amour sacré du trône et de l'autel,  
Remplis nos cœurs de ton souffle immortel.  
Parmi les races étrangères  
Notre guide est la loi;  
Sachons être un peuple de frères  
Sous le joug de la foi,  
Et repétons, comme nos pères,  
Le cri vainqueur: Pour le Christ et le Roi!





HIS MAJESTY THE KING

## . The . Royal Message

His Majesty's Address  
to his Canadian  
Subjects

**D**URING the past few weeks the peoples of my whole Empire at home and overseas have moved with one mind and purpose to confront and overthrow an unparalleled assault upon the continuity of civilization and the peace of mankind.

My peoples in the self-governing Dominions have shown beyond all doubt that they whole-heartedly endorse the grave decision it was necessary to take. My personal knowledge of the loyalty and devotion of my overseas Dominions had led me to expect that they would cheerfully make the great effort and bear the great sacrifices which the present conflict entails.

The full measure in which they have placed their services and resources at my disposal fills me with gratitude, and I am proud to be able to show to the world that my peoples overseas are as determined as the people of the United Kingdom to prosecute a just cause to a successful end.

All parts of my Overseas Dominions have demonstrated, in the most unmistakable manner, the fundamental unity of the Empire amidst all its diversity of situation and circumstances.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN



# Our Canadian Army



FIELD MARSHAL HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G.  
GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

A Canadian Photograph

CANADA'S first great army is ready. Thirty thousand men, the pick of the great Dominion, and the greatest army, numerically and otherwise, ever gathered together in this country, are ready and anxious to sail to the grim battle-fields of Europe to play their part in holding up the Empire that stands for liberty and justice.

And it is an army to be proud of. From all over the broad Dominion they have come at the call of the Mother Land—tall, grave men from the Eastern Provinces; bright eyed and high-spirited boys from the big cities; broad shouldered, swaggering plainmen from the Middle West, fearless in their confidence to hold their own with any soldiers on the face of the globe, and grim, silent woodsmen from British Columbia, burned brown through their life in the open, and strong with the silent strength that mother nature gives freely to her loyal sons.

They are the pick of the land. Other contingents may, and probably will leave Canada before the German hordes have been forced to call a "halt," but none of them will bear in their midst such a magnificent collection of young manhood as does this first contingent of which the country may well be proud. To see them in their great camp at Valcartier is to gain—probably for the first time—some slight idea of the practical side of imperialism, some little hint of what the word Empire means in time of war.

The gathering together of 30,000 men from all parts of a country of such a vast area as Canada is no mean task. On close acquaintance it becomes one of almost colossal proportions. When at Valcartier, you run into a young soldier wearing the uniform of a Highland regiment of Vancouver, B.C., and discover that he is only one of a thousand who have been transported clean across the continent and settled in the camp, you begin to have faint glimmerings of what the Militia Department at Ottawa has had to do within the past month.

The slogan of Valcartier is "Work." There are no idlers. Here you meet a regiment on its way to the rifle ranges—and the manner in which targets have been erected by the hundred is an eighth wonder of the world. There, another body of troops are swinging by en route to learn the essential points of taking cover against an advancing enemy; a little further on you come across a body of engineers (and in this department you find hundreds of young men from the leading universities of the country) busy with their bridge-building, wire laying, etc.; next a cloud of dust

rolls up and through it gleams the big guns of the artillery; a staff officer gallops by, and scarcely has he passed when a troop of cavalry, clean cut and business-like, pass at the trot. It is a scene of bustle—organized bustle and action.

The preponderance of old soldiers is one of the things that strikes the visitor to the camp at first of all. The ribbon that denotes the fact that the wearer has already seen service in some war or other, is as common as the dust that infests the camp. You meet on every hand men who have served the Empire in South Africa, in the Soudan, in China, and in practically every quarter of the globe where Britain has had to draw the sword. And it is well that it is so, for the veteran can do much to aid the recruit. He knows all the tricks of the trade, the little things that count and that can only be learned through experience, for they are not to be found in the manual. Canada's army will not be an untried and unknown force. In its ranks are men who have done their duty, who know what war is, and what it means and entails, and who, at the call of Empire, are ready to go back again, carrying their lives in their hands.

By the time this appears in print the army will be ready to move at a moment's notice. The 22,000 men who will make up the first contingent will be equipped with everything necessary to the grim art of making war. They will be well advanced on the road to that standard of efficiency that this war calls forth, and they will be welded into a force that any commander might be proud to lead. And they will be a dangerous force. The great outstanding feature of the mobilization of this army has been the practice at the rifle ranges. Old officers, men who have seen fifteen and twenty camps with the Canadian militia, have stood and marvelled at the splendid records that have been made at the ranges during the past two weeks. One ex-sergeant of the British army said it was the most amazing thing he had ever seen in all his experience. He described it as "wonderful shoot-in'."

Canada's first army will go abroad when called on in first-class physical shape. The medical inspection that every man was called upon to face at Valcartier was more severe than the inspection being imposed on the 100,000 men asked for by Lord Kitchener in Great Britain. There the call was for every man capable of bearing arms. At Valcartier it is a question of the best man getting the job.

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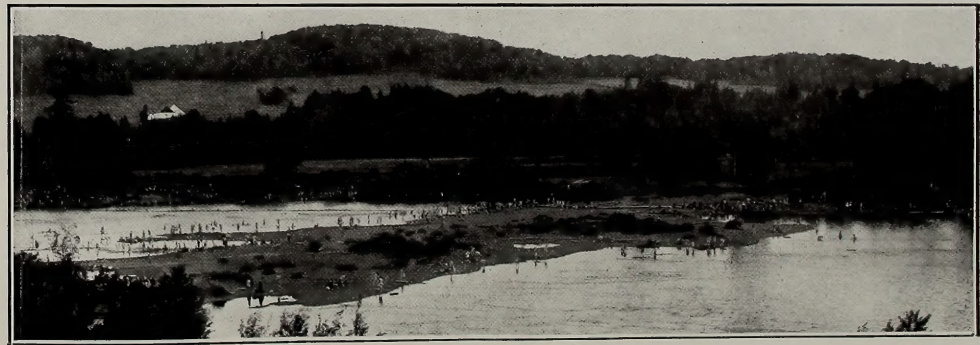




THE OFFICERS AT VALCARTIER CAMP TO WHOM CANADIANS HAVE ENTRUSTED THEIR SONS FOR ACTIVE SERVICE

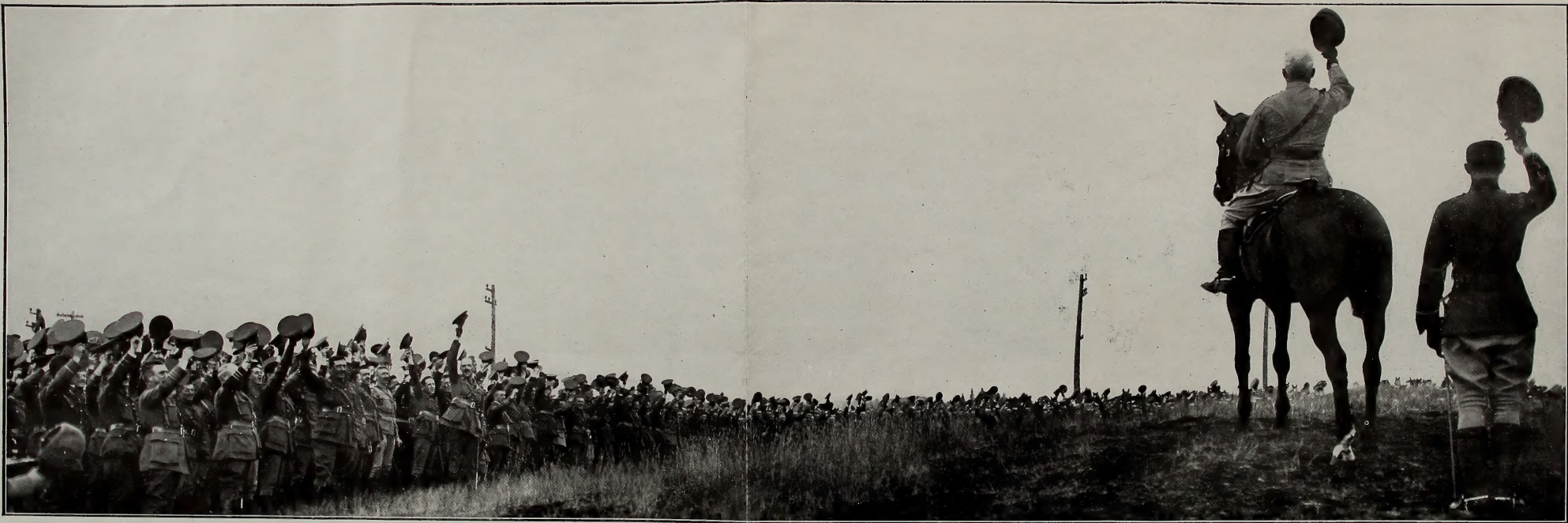


THE MEDICAL EXAMINATION AT VALCARTIER



THE BATHING POOL AT VALCARTIER





"THREE CHEERS FOR HIS MAJESTY THE KING." THE CANADIAN MINISTER OF MILITIA, COLONEL THE HONOURABLE SAM HUGHES, LEADING THE CHEERING

GOD save our gracious King,  
 Long live our noble King,  
 God save the King.  
 Send him victorious,  
 Happy and glorious,  
 Long to reign over us,  
 God save the King.

— — —  
 "God Save The King"  
 — — —

Thy choicest gifts in store,  
 On him be pleased to pour;  
 Long may he reign.  
 May he defend our laws,  
 And ever give us cause  
 To sing with heart and voice,  
 God save the King.





THE WONDERFUL CITY OF TENTS AT VALCARTIER



## The British Grenadiers

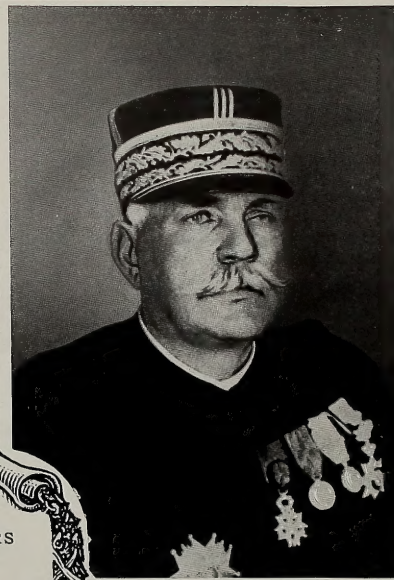
Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,  
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these;  
But of all the world's brave heroes, there's none that can compare,  
With a tow-row-row-row-row, To the British Grenadier.

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,  
Our leaders march with fusees, and we with hand grenades;  
We throw them from the glacis, about the enemies' ears,  
Sing tow-row-row-row-row, The British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those  
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the louped clothes;  
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,  
With a tow-row-row-row-row, For the British Grenadiers.



EARL KITCHENER



GENERAL JOFFRE

OUR MILITARY LEADERS

FIELD MARSHAL  
EARL KITCHENER  
of Khartum  
British Minister of War

and  
GENERAL JOFFRE

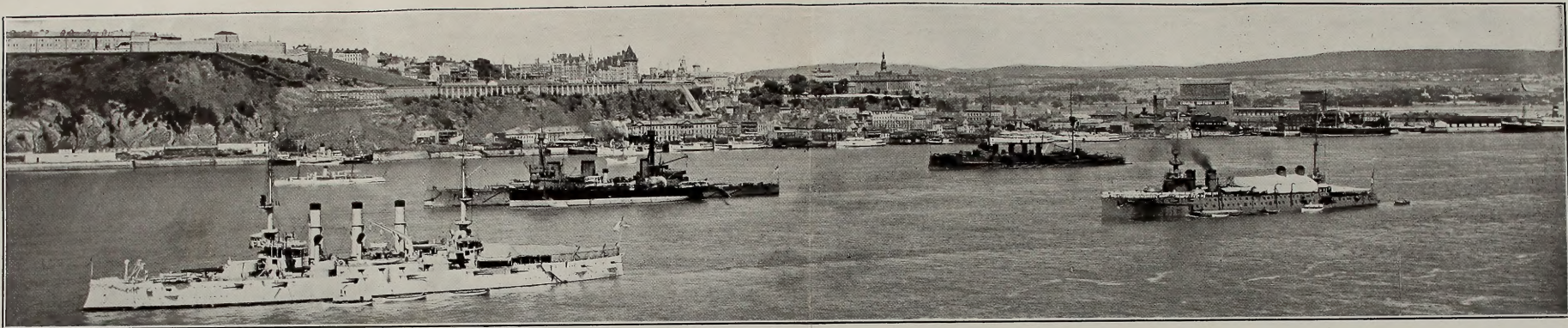
Commander-in-Chief of the  
French Army

## La Marseillaise

Allons enfants de la patrie,  
Le jour de gloire est arrive,  
Contre nous de la tyrannie  
L'étendard sanglant est levé,  
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes  
Mugir de féroces soldats?  
Ils viennent jusques dans vos bras  
Egorger vos fils, vos campagnes.  
Aux armes, citoyens, formez vos bataillons;  
Marchons, marchons;  
Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons.

Amour sacre de la patrie,  
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs;  
Liberte, liberte chérie,  
Combats avec tes défenseurs,  
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire  
Accoure a tes males accens,  
Que tes ennemis expirants  
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire.  
Aux armes, citoyens, formez vos bataillons,  
Marchons, marchons;  
Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons.

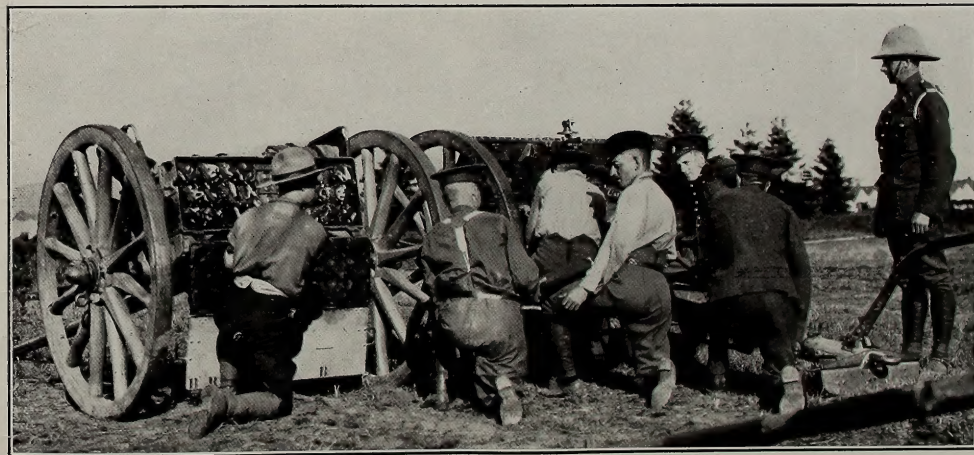




BRITISH AND FRENCH WARSHIPS ANCHORED OFF QUEBEC

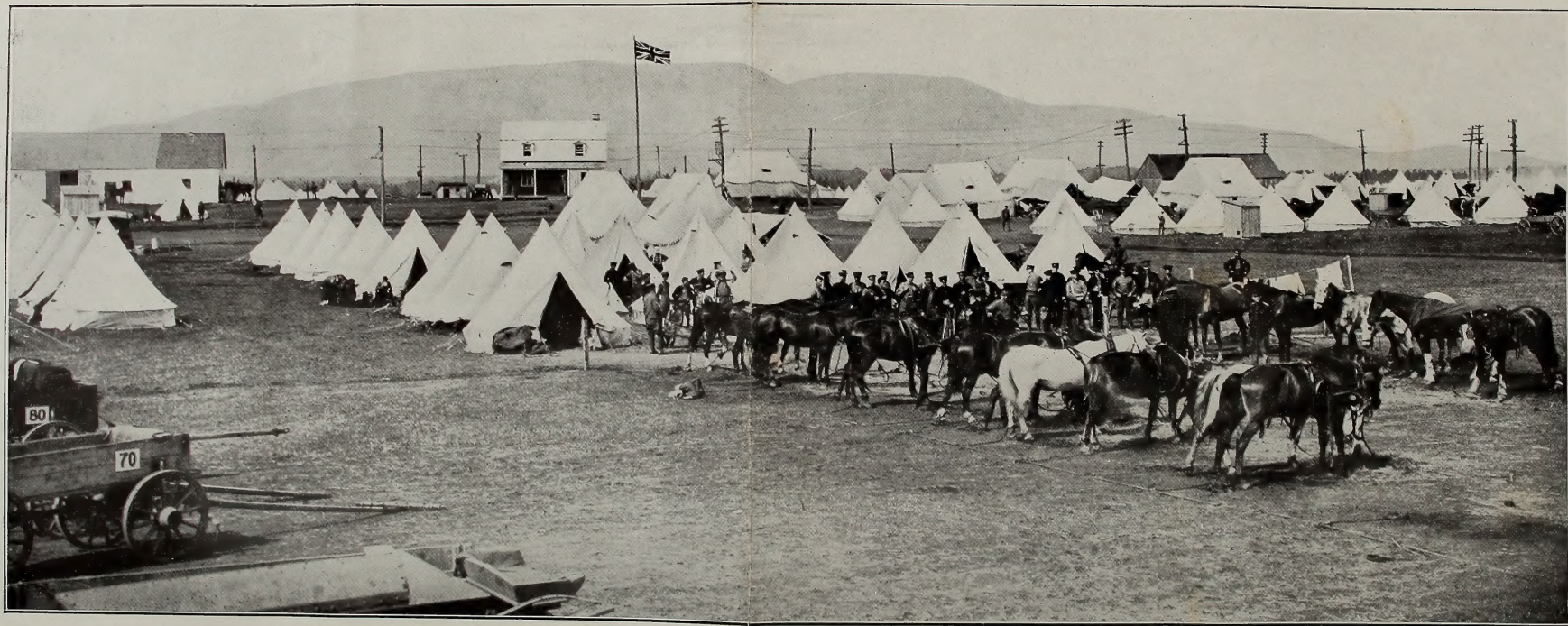


THE FIELD TELEGRAPH SQUAD LAYING LINES AT VALCARTIER



ARTILLERY AT VALCARTIER OPERATING BIG GUNS





HEADQUARTERS OF VALCARTIER CAMP. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS



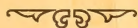
# THE STANDARD

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THE illustrations published  
by THE STANDARD in  
its issues from week to week  
comprise a complete military  
history of the war. . . .

THE STANDARD has given  
its readers more war pictures  
than any other illustrated paper  
in the British Empire. . . .



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KNOWN WRITERS



